

Manslaughter with a Pillow

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Summary:

Richie is just as annoying in his sleep as when he's awake

Manslaughter with a Pillow

Richie Tozier is quite possibly more annoying in his sleep than when he is awake. Unimaginable but true. He mumbles, he drools, he snores, he kicks and shifts and clings. And worst of all, he's a heavy sleeper so it's nearly impossible to wake him up and stop him from committing these atrocities.

The first time Richie and Eddie had a sleepover together, in a non-group setting, Eddie came as close as he ever has to killing the boy.

Richie showed up that night, a little past 10, just as Eddie was getting ready to fall asleep. He heard a tapping noise on his window and when he pulled the curtains aside, he found Richie standing with pebbles in one hand and a shit-eating grin on his face.

“Can I stay here?” Richie mouthed.

Eddie let him in without question, lifting the glass and gesturing for him to enter. Knowing what it was like for Richie at home, he figured he just needed a night out of the house.

“Thanks, Eds,” Richie said, stumbling through the window and giving Eddie two heavy slaps on the back.

“Don’t call me Eds,” Eddie grumbled. “And keep your stupid voice down. My mom will freak if she finds someone in here this late.”

Eddie crawled on top of his bed—the covers clean and cool beneath his bare hands and knees—and began sliding his legs under the tucked in bedding.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

Eddie looked up to see Richie standing at the foot of his bed, bemused.

“Getting in bed?” Eddie responded slowly, equally as puzzled.

“No, dipshit, why are you doing it like that? Why don’t you just yank out the blanket and get under it like a normal person?”

“I like to keep them tucked in,” he defended, not bothering to hide his offense. “It keeps them nice and tight and I like them like that.”

“So you enjoy sleeping like you’re in a straight jacket... Damn, I just passed up a sex joke.”

Eddie ignored him, slipping the rest of the way under his sheets, and adjusted the pillows beneath his head, pulling one out and setting it beside him.

“You can get a blanket out of the closet if the way I have mine set up is that bothersome,” Eddie huffed, glaring at the wall across from him and already regretting letting trash mouth in.

“I wouldn’t want to upset your delicate system.” Richie smirked over his shoulder and he reached up, pulling a soft green blanket off the high up shelf.

As soon as he climbed up next to him, Eddie flipped the switch on the light next to his bed, signaling he didn’t want any further conversation. He held his hand out silently and Richie placed his glasses in Eddie’s palm to be set aside during sleep.

“Thanks,” Richie said softly, sounding sincere for the first time that night. He then promptly fell asleep, not even taking five minutes to begin snoring lightly.

Eddie laid awake, staring at the darkened ceiling and envying the boy beside him. On a regular night, it took Eddie forever to fall asleep. And it could only be worse that night, with Richie’s warm body beside him, heat radiating through the blanket barrier between them. Eddie’s heart beat just a little too fast, his cheeks warmed, and his mind raced unbidden.

After listening to Richie snore for what felt like hours, Eddie finally began to drift off. That’s when the mumbling started.

He couldn’t have been asleep for more than a few minutes when Richie began speaking. Speaking wasn’t even the appropriate word. At least that wouldn’t be quite as aggravating because then Eddie wouldn’t be left wondering what the fuck he was saying. But no,

Richie had to be as difficult as possible, even in sleep, only offering up maybe one intelligible word in a dozen and mumbling just loud enough to keep Eddie awake.

Eddie shoved hard at his shoulder, rolling him onto his side to shut the asshole up (or at least direct his garbled speech away from his ears.) It worked and he sighed gratefully.

But once again, right after he nodded off, Richie woke him back up, flopping onto his back and flinging his arm out beside him to smack down across Eddie's chest. Eddie tried to ignore it, hoping if he left him unbothered, Richie would settle down.

That didn't appear to work. Every so often Richie would shift—onto one side, onto his back, onto the other side, mumbling every so often.

Eddie needed his sleep—his mother always told him it was important to growing boys. And if this dumbass kept it up any longer, Eddie wouldn't be getting any sleep.

Thrusting his covers aside, no longer caring about keeping them tucked in, he sat up and grabbed the pillow from behind him and swung it at Richie's face. The boy didn't even react except to snort.

That just pissed Eddie off even more. How dare he annoy the shit out of him and not even be aware of Eddie getting him back.

Eddie sat there, glaring down out the lanky boy spread out beside him, and contemplated holding the pillow over his face until he stopped snoring. But then, Richie murmured something distinct enough that Eddie had no problem interpreting, his name.

He froze for a moment, wondering if he'd gotten through the high walls guarding his sleep. But after a while, Richie said nothing else and continued snoring lightly.

Laying back down and rolling over onto his side, putting his back to Richie, he clenched his eyes shut tightly and hoped he would be able to fall asleep and stay asleep.

His hopes were answered because the next thing he knew, the sun was shining through the sides of his curtains and his shoulder was

wet. Befuddled, he turned his head to his right to find Richie's face, mouth wide open, pressed into his shoulder, one of his legs tossed over both of Eddie's.

"Ugh!" he shouted, leaping up and startling Richie awake. "That's disgusting!"

"Huh?" Richie grunted, looking around disoriented and wiping the back of his hand across his mouth.

"You drooled all over me, asshole!"

He frantically pulled his shirt off, tossing it across the room.

"Oh, that happens," Richie replied, watching Eddie dig through his closet for a fresh, dry shirt, not sounding completely like his usual trash mouth self. But then after a pause, "You can handle a little wetness, can'tcha Eds?"

"Not when it comes from your germy mouth."

Richie sighed obnoxiously, acting put out.

"I guess I better get going before your mom comes in to give you a good morning kiss."

He ruffled Eddie's hair and then headed to the window. He paused, though, after opening the window and turned back to his friend.

"Thanks again."

And then he shoved his limbs awkwardly through the opening and was gone.

Richie started coming over at night more after that. Not too often but whenever he had a particularly bad day or something was really wrong at home he would show up at Eddie's window.

Eventually, Eddie gets used to Richie's obnoxious sleep habits and can sleep through most of the night. He even learns a neat trick when one night, out of sheer frustration, he leans over and angrily whispers "Beep beep, Richie," into a mumbling Richie's ear and he actually

stops talking.